

THE ROYAL SPORTSMAN.



Cruikshank del.

Barlow sculp.

The Royal English Hunter that  
caught the Prussian Doe.

Published as the Act directs, by J. Roach Russell Court St. 20, 1791.

THE ROYAL SPORTSMAN.



Cruikshank del.

Barlow sculp.

The Royal English Hunter that  
caught the Prussian Doe.

Published as the Act directs, by J. Roach Russell Court St. 20, 1791.



11622 L. 40

THE  
SPORTSMAN'S  
EVENING BRUSH,  
Consisting of the best and most Approved  
SONGS,

OF THE  
CHANCE;  
*Ancient and modern (some entirely new) Calculated to give*  
SPORTING A ZEST,  
AND  
Enhance the Delights of Conviviality, most of them  
Written by the greatest wits of the last and  
Present Centuries.

---

TO WHICH IS ADDED,  
*The SPORTSMAN'S TOAST ASSISTANT,*  
OR  
President's Sentimental Guide.  
( ENTIRELY NEW )

---

L O N D O N;  
Printed for J. ROACH, RUSSEL-COURT, DRURY-LANE;  
And Sold by all the Bookfellers in GREAT-BRITAIN  
and IRELAND.

---

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



## P R E F A C E.

---

EVERY amusement that contributes to the health of the Community, and tends to maintain the warlike spirit, which has evermore been the characteristic of Britons, should meet with the utmost encouragement, as well from the legislature, as from every individual of that nation, where those advantages are desired to accrue.

Of all the diversions that history has recorded, none is of more ancient date and respectability than hunting; we find it specially talked of in the Scriptures, as practised almost immediately after the universal flood, by the first man whom this generous exercise excited to the noblest of all passions; we likewise find it invariably the darling pursuit of every brave and bellicose nation: it is the nursery of heroes, the food of great minds, the incentive to noble actions, and the source of almost every virtue.

But lest this stimulative should act too powerfully on the susceptibility of the human frame, the prudent lovers of the Chace introduced the softening lenitive of music, to correct the exuberances of overheated imagination; from hence, we may safely infer that *Hunting Songs*, were the  
a 2 first



first that ever were rendered harmonious, and consequently that they deserve the preference in all Societies whatsoever.

The Publisher of the following collection perfectly aware of the very great inconvenience that has hitherto attended the lovers of Hunting, in being under the necessity of purchasing a number of books, in order to obtain those Songs, that might prove most agreeable to them; has exerted himself in selecting from all the Song-books hitherto printed (all the good ones) and has cheerfully undergone a considerable expence in getting up some excellent new ones, that have never been in print. Those he offers to the Public at a cheap rate, in the humble confidence that he will meet with that generous Patronage, which he has already experienced in his efforts, to give annually the good Songs of each year, in his WHIM of the DAY.

He would think it an intrusion on his liberal readers, to say more on this subject, and will therefore conclude, by assuring them, that as he will take every pains to render this Edition complete, so he will in all his future undertakings, pay greater attention to the gratification of his Patrons than to his own private emolument.

INDEX



# I N D E X

OF THE

## S O N G S.

	Page
<b>A</b> WAY to the field, see the morning, &c.	33
As health, rosy health, from, &c.	71
Awak'd by the horn, like the spring, deckt, &c.	77
Awaken'd by the sprightly horn — —	78

### B.

Bright dawns the day with rosy face, —	39
Bards call themselves a heav'nly race —	85

### C.

Come rouse, brother sportsman, the hunters, &c. 2	
Come rouse from your trances — —	34
Come, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight, &c.	37

### D.

Do you hear, brother sportsman, the sound, &c.	35
December is a month — — —	83

### E.

Except the folks that's fast asleep — —	67
	How

## H.

How sweet is the woodlands, with fleet, &c.	14
Hark! from that cottage by the silent stream	19
Hark! hark! the joy-inspiring horn — —	27
Hark! away! 'tis the merry ton'd horn — —	27
Hark, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the vale	35
Hark! the horn calls away — — —	45
Hark! the horn salutes the ear — —	50
Hark! for sure I hear the horn's melodious, &c.	62
How soft glides the stream the gay, &c. —	72
Hark! the huntsman's begun to sound, &c.	76

## I.

I am a jolly huntsman — — —	57
-----------------------------	----

## L.

Let the gay ones and great — — —	37
Last Valentine's day when bright Phœbus, &c.	38
Let the slave of ambition and wealth —	81
Look out, brother sportsman, the morning, &c.	86

## M.

Mirth admit me of thy crew — — —	56
----------------------------------	----

## N.

No sport to the chace can compare — —	25
Now the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure, &c.	41
Now peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top	55
Now faintly glimm'ring in the east — —	75

## O.

O'er the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour, &c.	44
People	

## P.

People talk much of dancing, of love, &c. 11

## R.

Rouse, rouse, jolly sportsmen, &c. — 57  
Rise, rise, brother buck, see how ruddy's, &c. 66

## S.

See Phœbus begins to enliven the east — 12  
Sound, found the brisk horn — — 47

## T,

To Batchelors Hall we good fellows invite — 9  
The hounds are all out, and the morning, &c. 14  
The twins of Larona, so kind to my boon — 17  
This morning Aurora peep'd over the hills, 24  
The echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad 25  
The sprightly horn awakes the morn — 29  
The morning is charming, all nature looks gay 30  
The sun from the east tips the mountains, &c. 31  
The early horn salutes the morn — — 32  
The moment Aurora peep'd into my room — 43  
The chace was o'er, Actæon sought a feat — 48  
The grey-ey'd Aurora, in saffron array — 51  
The rosy morn with crimson dye — — 53  
The whistling plowman hails the blushing, &c. 54  
The morning breaks — — — 64  
To the chace, to the chace; on the brow, &c. 71  
The gay huntsman no sooner awakes in the morn 73  
The sweet rosy morning, — — — 80  
To chace o'er the plain the fox or the hare 82  
When

W.

When Sol from the east had illumin'd, &c.	13
When for air — — — — —	18
When ruddy Aurora awaken the day —	18
Would you taste the perfume of the morn —	23
When the morning peeps forth, and the, &c.	26
With horns and with hounds I awaken the day	32
When Phœbus the tops of the hills does adorn	36
When Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the hills	40
When faintly gleams the doubtful day —	46
When first Aurora gilds the eastern hills —	49
When the huntsmen awake us with shrill, &c.	69
When chearful day began to dawn — —	81

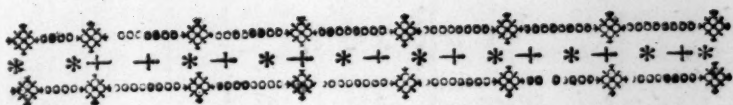
Y.

Ye sluggards, who murder your life time in sleep	62
Ye sportmen all — — — — —	65

20 JY 63

THE





THE  
SPORTSMAN'S  
EVENING BRUSH.



BACHELOR'S HALL,

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

**T**O Bachelors Hall we good fellows invite,  
To partake of the chace that makes up our  
delight;

We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,  
That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock.  
Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a  
grace,

That Diana had dub'd some new gods of the chace.

C H O R U S.

*Hark away ! hark away ! all nature looks gay,  
And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.*

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,  
A better fleet gelding, ne'er hunter did back,  
Tom Trip rode a bay, full of mettle and bone ;  
And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan ;  
But the horse of all horses that rival'd the day,  
Was the 'Squire's Neck-o'-nothing, and that was a  
grey. *Hark*

## CHORUS.

*Hark away ! hark away ! while our spirits are gay,  
Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.*

Then for hounds, there was Nimble, so well that  
climbs rocks ;  
And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox  
Little Plunge, like a mole, who will ferret and  
search,  
And beetle brow'd Hawk's-eye so dead at the lurch;  
Young Slylooks, that scents the strong breeze from  
the south,  
And musical Echowell with his deep mouth.  
*Hark away, &c.*

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,  
'Tis not like you'll easily find such a stud,  
And for hounds our opinions with thousands we'll  
back,  
That all England throughout can't produce such a  
pack :  
Thus having describ'd you, dogs, horses and crew,  
Away we fat off, for the fox is in view.  
*Hark away, &c.*

Sly Reynard brought home, while the hounds  
found a call,  
And now you are welcome to Bachelor's-Hall;  
The savory firloin grateful smokes on the board,  
And Bacchus pours wine from his plentiful hoard ;  
Come on then, do honour to this jovial place,  
And enjoy the sweet pleasure that springs from the  
chace.

*Hark away, &c.*

SONG.

# EVENING BRUSH.

11

## S O N G.

BY CAPT. M—

*Air.—Langolee.*

PEOPLE talk much of dancing, of love and of  
drinking,  
And of great expeditions by land and by sea;  
But a moments reflection and you'll find they'll  
sink in,  
That sweet source of health and good humour and  
glee.

For when George, the fair heir of Britannia's bright  
sceptre,  
Gives command that his hounds shall enliven the  
plain;  
Ev'ry thought of each other delight is soon leapt o'er  
And e'en Bacchus and Venus claim notice in vain.

See the game as if proud that a prince should destroy  
it,

Waits his coming, then bounds o'er the hill and the  
dale;

How the horses, the hounds and the sportsmen en-  
joy it,

Whilst the horns and the shouts ev'ry bosom regale.  
Not a ditch, wall or drain can restrain the fond  
ardor,

That repels age intrusion of sickness and care:  
Ev'ry hound, horse and horseman drives harder and  
harder,

And with musical chorus enchants the soft air.

Now the gods in a rapture lean over the welkin,  
And in spite of their gravity join in the noise;  
This by Styx cries old Jove, turning round to his  
pale kin,  
Far exceeds all we boast of Olympian joys.

Not



Not a god that I see but must envy the Briton :  
 Ev'ry priv'lege of godship I'd freely reïgn,  
 Would the prince grant me leave in his chaces to  
     fit on,  
 And unite in a chorus so more than divine.

Venus, Juno, Minerva, with each other goddess,  
 Swears she'd quickly give up her immortality;  
 And on him would bestow her delightful black  
     broad ace,  
 Who would gain her a place in that society.  
 Where the charms of the chace give a zest to each  
     pleasure,  
 And pale sickness and sorrow can never find room ;  
 And each swears that a huntsmans the man that can  
     please her,  
 And with him she would joyfully share her best  
     doom.

If the gods then and kings in this exercise glory,  
 How can we trifling beings our suffrage refuse ;  
 From the flood it has been the best theme of pure  
     story,  
 And it still is the boast of the prolific muse.  
 Let us then to the chace ever constant adhering,  
 From no virtue learn vigour of soul not to wince ;  
 And at night when the wine o'er our glasses is peer-  
     ing,  
 Drink a health to young George, our best model  
     and prince.

SONG.



# EVENING BRUSH.

13

## S O N G.

**W**HEN Sol from the east had illumin'd the  
sphere,  
And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,  
I rose from my tent, and like Richard, I call'd  
For my horse, and my hounds too, loudly I bawl'd,  
Hark forward, my boys, Billy Meadows he cried,  
No sooner he spoke than old Reynard he spied:  
Overjoy'd at the sight we began for to skip,  
Ton-ta-ron went the horn and smack went the  
whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to his  
chin,  
O'er leaping a ditch—by the lord, he leap'd in:  
When just as it hap'd, but the sly master Ren',  
Was sneakingly hast'ning to his den;  
Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood,  
Not a quickset nor thickset our pleasure withstood,  
So ho! master Reynard, Jack Rivers he cried,  
Old Ren' you shall die, Daddy Hawthorn replied.

All gay as the lark the green woodland we trac'd,  
While the merry ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd,  
No longer poor Reynard his strength could he boast,  
To the hounds he knock'd under and gave up the  
ghost.

The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,  
We found the horn back again over the moor;  
At night take the glass, and most chearily sing,  
The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

B

SONG.

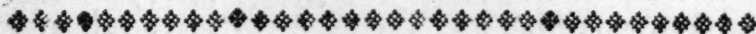
S O N G.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does  
peep,

Why, how now, you sluggardly sot !  
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep,  
While we all on horseback are got,  
My brave boys!

I cannot get up, for the over night's cup,  
So terribly lies in my head;  
Besides, my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,  
But cuddle me longer in bed,  
My dear boys.

Come on with your boots, and saddle your mare,  
 Nor tire us with longer delay;  
 The cry of the hounds, and the sight of the hare,  
 Will chase all dull vapours away,  
My brave boys.



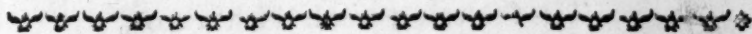
# S O N G.

*Written by Mr. HARRINGTON.*

**H**OW sweet is the woodlands, with fleet hound  
and horn,  
To waken shrill echo. and taste the fresh morn !  
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,  
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me chaste Dian, the nymph to regain,  
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain;

In pity o'ertake her, who wounds as she flies;  
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrtillo that dies.



## THE LOVE CHACE.

*Representing the going of a Pad.*

AN HIGHLY HUMOUROUS SONG.

Written by KING CHARLES the SECOND.

**W**HEN for air,  
I take my mare,  
And mount her first,  
*Walk.* She walks just thus,  
And motion slow;  
With nodding, plodding,  
Wagging, jogging,  
Dashing, splashing,  
Snorting, starting,  
Whimsically she goes:  
The whip stirs up,  
*Trot.* Trot, trot, trot;  
Ambling then with easy flight,  
*Pace,* She wriggles like a bride at night,  
Her shuffling hitch,  
Regales my breech;  
*Trot.* Whilst trot, trot, trot, trot,

Brings on the gallop,  
*Gallop.* The gallop, the gallop,  
 The gallop, and then a short  
*Trot.* Trot, trot, trot, trot,  
 Straight again up and down,  
*Gallop.* Up and down, up and down,  
 Till she came home with a trot,  
*Trot.* When night dark grows.

Just so Phillis,  
 Fair as lillies,  
*Walk.* As her face is,  
 Has her paces ;  
 And in bed too,  
 Like my pad too ;  
 Nodding, plodding,  
 Wagging, jogging,  
 Dashing, plashing,  
 Flirting, spirting,  
 Artful are all her ways ;  
*Trot.* Heart thumps pit, pat,  
 Trot, trot, trot, trot ;  
*Pace.* Ambling, then her tongue gets loose,  
 Whilst wriggling near I press more close ;  
 Ye devil, she cries,  
 I'll tear your eyes,  
*Trot.* When mane seiz'd,  
 Bum squeez'd,  
*Gallop.* I gallop, I gallop, I gallop, I gallop,  
*Trot.* And trot, trot, trot, trot,  
 Straight again, up and down,  
*Gallop.* Up and down, up and down,  
 Till the last jerk with a trot,  
*Trot.* Ends our Love Chace.

SONG



S O N G.

THE twins of Larona, so kind to my boon,  
Arise to partake of the chace;  
And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,  
And smiles to the smile of the face.  
For the sports I delight in, the bright Queen of  
Love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn,  
While Pan breaks his chaunter, and skulks in the  
grove,  
Excell'd by the sound of the horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,  
Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply;  
Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,  
But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

The stag from the chamber of woodbine peeps out,  
His sentence he hears in the gale;  
Yet flies, till entangled in fear and in doubt,  
His courage and constancy fail.  
Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,  
Despair taking place of his fear :  
With antlers erected, awhile stands at bay,  
Then surrenders his life with a tear.  
The dogs are, &c.

S O N G.

By the EARL of D—

SEE Phœbus begins to enliven the east,  
And see the grey dawn wears away;  
Come rouse, fellow huntsman, relinguish dull rest,  
And join in the sports of the day;

No longer in sloth let your senses remain,  
 Untainted the sweets of the morn;  
 Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,  
 To follow the sound of the horn.

What music to ours can for sweetness compare,  
 What sports such a pleasure can yield?  
 What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?  
 What prospect so bright as the field?  
 Let misers for riches each transport forego,  
 'Midst their treasures distress'd and forlorn—  
 We taste ev'ry joy, and forget every woe—  
 So charming the sound of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel, while from vanity free,  
 Our hours pass contented along;  
 In innocent pastime, in mirth, and in glee,  
 With a hearty repast and a song:  
 Ye mortals, unbiass'd by honours and wealth,  
 Those titles that sorrow adorn;  
 Would you taste the calm joys of contentment and  
 health,  
 Then follow the sound of the horn.



## S O N G.

**W**HEN ruddy Aurora awaken the day,  
 And bright dew-drops impearl the flowers  
 so gay,  
 Sound, sound, my stout archers, sound horns, and  
 away,  
 With arrows sharp pointed we go.  
 See Sol now arises in splendor so bright;  
 To Pæan, for Phœbus who leads to delight,  
 All glorious illum'd now rises to fight;  
 'Tis he, boys, is god of the bow.

**Fresh**

## 19

For archers, true sons of the game,  
Bid sorrow adieu, in soft numbers we'll sing;  
Love, friendship, and beauty make the air ring,  
Wishing health and success to our country and king,  
Encrease to their honour and fame.

[illegible]

*By Mr. WALLER.*

**H**ARK! from that cottage by the silent stream,  
How sweet the swallow greets the rising gleam  
Of light that dawns upon the eastern hill,  
Tipping with grey the sails of yonder mill:  
And hark! from the farm below, the watchful cock  
Warns the dull shepherd to unfold his flock;  
His hurdled flocks the fresh'ning breeze inhale,  
And bleat for freedom, and the clover vale.  
See! how away the severing clouds are driven,  
How gay already seems the face of Heaven!  
Those ruddy streaks foretell the sun is near,  
To drink the dew and glad our hemisphere.  
O! did the sons of dissipation know  
What calm delights from early rising flow,  
They'd leave (with us) their down, and in the  
fields  
Imbibe the health that fresh Aurora yields.



## A I R.

Now indolence snores upon pillow of down,  
 Now infirmity, guilt, and disease,  
 Envy the gentle repose of the clown,  
 And in vain beg the blessings of ease.

Whilst we honest fellows, who follow the chace,  
 Of such troubles are never possess'd,  
 The banner of health is display'd in each face,  
 To shew Peace holds the fort of the breast.

Can the slaves of a court, can the miser say this?  
 Or the wretches who feed in distress?  
 O! may such n'er taste of our rational bliss,  
 Till, like us, they disdain to oppress.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

See! to the copse how the dogs scud along,  
 They've found out the drag of the foe;  
 And hark! how the huntsmen ride shouting along,  
 He's now in the cover below.

Let's follow the cry, he'll soon be in view,  
 See! yonder he sculks o'er the glade;  
 Spur your coursers, my lads, and briskly pursue;  
 Or's craft will our vengeance evade.

## A I R.

The shepherd with joy views the chace,  
 His lambs the vile traitor would fleece,  
 The farmer, delighted, beholds his disgrace,  
 And thinks on his turkies and geese.

The maids of the hamlet look gay;  
The dames, o'er a noggin of ale,  
Tell what poultry of late was his prey,  
And wish the staunch pack may prevail.

In quest of the fleet-footed foe,  
As the hunters fly over the plain,  
Ev'ry breast feels a rapturous glow.  
Ev'ry tongue trills the jocular strain.

## RECITATIVE.

Far from the East had roll'd the glorious sun,  
And thro' each well known haunt the fox had run;  
The stream he'd past, and the vast mountain's  
height,  
Seeking the dell where darkling brakes invite;  
There strove to earth, but strove to earth in vain,  
He breaks the covert, tries the lawns again;  
But, as he fled, the crafty spoiler found,  
Fleeing behind, the never fault'ring hound:  
Wearing at length, he views the wide mouth throng  
And drags in pain his mired brush along;  
Now spent, he falls, rolling his haggard eyes,  
And, savage like, he wounds, and snarling dies,  
Eager to view, the shouting train surround;  
Hill, woods, and rocks, reverberate the sound.

## AIR.

Whilst the huntsman exults to hunters around,  
And holds up the strong-scented prize;  
Elated with conquest, each staunch mettled hound,  
Sends a clam'rous peal to the skies:

The

The deep found of the horn, borne afar on the gale  
 Calls the sportsmen thrown out to the pack;  
 They meet round the spoil, if their courfers don't  
 fail  
 Then away, to regale, they ride cheárfully back.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Such are the manly pleasures of the chace.  
 Which Kings of old were eager to embrace :  
 While o'er the Champaign ran the courtly crew,  
 The check was garnish'd with a roseat hue ;  
 Then no pale Ganymede disgrac'd the Court,  
 And he was honour'd who most lov'd the sport ;  
 No brooding malice there assail'd the breast,  
 To cloud the brow, or poison mental rest.  
 Oh! glorious sport, which can at once impart  
 Health to the veins, and quiet to the heart.

## A I R.

Our fathers of old lov'd the sport,  
 Our nobles rejoic'd in the chace ;  
 They fled the intrigues of a court,  
 The heart-chearing toil to embrace,

Their offspring was ruddy and stout,  
 -Curst lux'ry was yet in the bud ;  
 They scarce knew the pangs of the gout,  
 Activity physic'd the blood.

A fribble they seldom could meet,  
 But now how revers'd is the scene!  
 The creature's in every street,  
 Erecting his butterfly mein.

Could

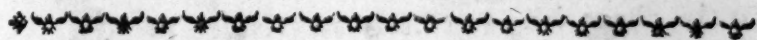
Could our ancestors rise from their graves.

At the sight of the gay spangled train,  
They'd fly the degenerate slaves,  
And wish to be buried again.

May such never taste of our joy,  
We hunters disclaim the whole race,  
Whilst time over tea they destroy,  
We're lost in the charms of the chase.

## CHORUS.

All you who would follow the musical horn,  
Go early to bed, and salute the young morn.  
Our sports shall secure you the bosom's repose,  
And your cheek in old age wear the tint of the rose,  
Your nerves shall be strong, and feel, e'en in decay,  
The raptures enjoy'd by the young and the gay,  
Then hither come all, who would live long in health,  
A blessing the wise much esteem before wealth.



## S O N G.

**W**OULD you taste the perfume of the morn,  
While the dew-drops bespangle the thorn,  
Hark, away, when the sounds  
Of the merry-mouth'd hounds  
Keep time with the mellow-ton'd horn,  
Ere Phœbus with round ruddy face  
The tops of the mountains shall grace,  
To the sports of the day  
Brother bucks haste away,  
Pursue with new vigour the chase

It



It was Nimrod, the jovial and gay,  
 Who first taught us to hunt for the prey :  
     And with full-flowing bowls  
     To enliven our souls,  
 And joyously finish the day :  
     Due homage then pay to the shrine,  
     Pour mighty libations of wine ;  
     Fill up to the brink,  
     To his mem'ry let's drink,  
 Proclaim our great founder, divine.



## S O N G,

**T**HIS morning Aurora peep'd over the hills,  
 And the frost had deserted the meadows and  
     rills,  
 And the heart chearing horn did enliven the hound,  
 Who with nostrils extended snuff'd over the ground.  
 We mounted our horses devoid of all care,  
 For no pleasure can equal the chace of the hare.

To the chace we have been unattended by fear,  
 For friendship was present when danger was near ;  
 With joy and delight the fleet hare we pursue,  
 What music can equal the hounds in a view ;  
 When shouts and rejoicings then rended the air,  
 With the cry of the hounds at the death of the hare.

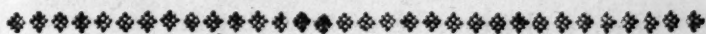
Then the morn it is passed, in the evening we join,  
 In mirth and good fellowship, freedom and wine ;  
 No disputes at our meeting shall ever appear,  
 No scoundrel partake of our temperate cheer ;  
 But hearts fill'd with joy, we merrily sing,  
 Success to our country, and health to our king.

SONG.

## S O N G.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,  
 To horse, my brave boys, and away!  
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds,  
 Rebukes our too tedious delay;  
 What pleasure we find in pursuing the fox,  
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies,  
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!  
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals shouting, and gay,  
 How sweet is the bottle and lads to refresh,  
 And lose the fatigues of the day;  
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,  
 Dull wisdom all happiness fours,  
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.



## S O N G.

NO sport to the chace can compare,  
 So manly the pleasure it yields;  
 How sweet, how refreshing that air,  
 Inhal'd in the woods and the fields!  
 As we rush in pursuit, new scenes still appear,  
 New landscapes encounter the eye;  
 Not Handel's sweet music more pleases the ear,  
 Than that of the hounds in full cry.

New strength from the chace we derive;  
 Its exercise purges the blood:  
 How happy that mortal must live,  
 Whose sport yields both phyfic, and food!

G

So

So new and so varied its charms, they ne'er cloy  
 Like those of the bottle and face;  
 The oftener, the harder, the more we enjoy,  
 The more we're in love with the chase.



## S O N G.

WHEN the morning peeps forth, and the  
 zephyr's cool gale  
 Carries fragrance and health over mountain and  
 dale,  
 Up, ye nymphs and ye swains, and together we'll  
 rove  
 Up hill and down valley, by thicket and grove;  
 Then follow with me, where the welkin resounds  
 With the notes of the horn and the cry of the  
 hounds.

Let the wretched be slaves to ambition and wealth,  
 All the blessings I ask is the blessing of health;  
 So shall innocence self give a warrant to joys,  
 No envy disturbs, no dependance destroys,  
 Then follow, &c.

O'er hill, dale and woodlands with raptures we  
 roam,  
 Yet returning still find the dear pleasures at home;  
 Where the chearful good humour, gives honest  
 grace,  
 And the heart speaks content in the smiles of the  
 face.  
 Then hollow, &c.

SONG.



by



the

and

e'll

3.

## th.

we

ty

The



## CHORUS OF HUNTSMEN.

And all the day long,  
 This, this is our song;  
 Still hallowing,  
 And following,  
 So frolic and free;  
 Our joys know no bounds,  
 While we're after the hounds,  
 No mortals on earth are so happy as we.

Round the woods when we beat how we glow,  
 While the hills they all echo, hillo!  
 With a bounce from his cover he flies,  
 Then our shouts shall resound to the skies.  
 And all the day long, &c.

When we sweep o'er the vallies, or climb  
 Up the health-breathing mountain sublime,  
 What a joy from our labours we feel?  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal.  
 And all the day long, &c.

At night when our labour is done,  
 Then we will go halloing home,  
 With hallo, hallo, and huzza,  
 Resolving to meet the next day.  
 And all the day long, &c.



## S O N G.

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen, the hunters  
 all cry,  
 We've got a good scent, and a fav'ring sky;  
 The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early  
 song,  
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.  
 Bright

Bright Phœbus has shewn us the glimpse of his  
face,  
Peeps in at our windows. and calls to the chace :  
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his  
ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down ;  
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;  
But tell her, that love must to hunting give place ;  
For as well as her charms, there are charms in the  
chace.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy:  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly;  
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll;  
We're in at the death—now let's home to the  
    bowl.

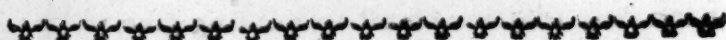
There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the  
King,  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To George, peace and glory may Heaven dispense,  
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.



S O N G.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,  
And bids the hunter rise,  
The opening hound returns the sound,  
And echo fills the skies;  
And echo fills the skies.  
See ruddy health more dear than wealth,  
On yon blue mountain's brow;  
The neighing steed invokes our speed,  
And Reynard trembles now;  
The neighing steed, &c.

In ancient days, as story says.  
 The woods our fathers fought:  
 The rustic race ador'd the chase,  
 And hunted as they fought.  
 Come let's away, make no delay,  
 Enjoy the forest's charms;  
 Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,  
 And rest in Chloe's arms.



## S O N G.

**T**HE morning is charming, all nature looks  
 gay,  
 Away, my brave boys, to your horses away,  
 For the prime of our humour's in quest of the hare:  
 We have not so much as a moment to spare.  
 Hark the lively ton'd horn, how melodious it  
 sounds,  
 To the musical tone of the merry-mouth'd hounds.

O'er highlands lowlands, and woodland we fly,  
 Our horses full speed, and our hounds in full cry,  
 So match'd in their mouth, and so swiftly they  
 run,  
 Like the trine of the spheres, and the race of the  
 sun;  
 Health, joy and felicity dance in the rounds,  
 And blest the gay circle of hunters and hounds.

The old hounds push forward, a very sure sign,  
 That the hare, tho' a stout one, begins to decline:  
 A chase of two hours, or more, she has led;  
 She's down, look about you—they have her—she's  
 dead.

How glorious a death! to be honour'd with sounds  
 Of horns, and a shout to the chorus of hounds.

SONG.



## S O N G.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with  
gold,  
And the meadows all spangled with dew-drops  
behold;

How the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,  
And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our  
delay!

With the sports of the field there's no pleasures can  
vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, fol-  
low, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,  
follow, follow, follow, follow, the hounds  
in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the  
Court,

No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree,  
The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,  
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with dis-  
grace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame,  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name,  
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,  
Yet, in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Let

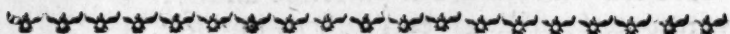


Let the bold and the busy, hunt glory and wealth,  
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health.  
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands  
to roam,  
And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.  
With the sports of the field, &c.



S O N G.

THE early horn salutes the morn  
That gilds this charming place,  
With chearful cries bids Echo rise,  
And join the jovial chace,  
The vocal hills around,  
The waving woods,  
The chrystal floods,  
All return the enliv'ning sound.



S O N G.

WITH horns and with hounds I awaken the  
day,  
And hie to my woodland walks away;  
I tuck up my robe, and am buskin'd soon,  
And tie to my forehead a waxing moon;  
With shouting and hooting we pierce thro' the  
sky,  
And Echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

# SONG

## S O N G.

**A**WAY to the field, see the morning looks  
grey,  
And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day,  
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,  
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.  
Then hark in the morn, to the call of the horn,  
And join with the jovial crew;  
While the season invites, with all its delights,  
The health-giving chace to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,  
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns;  
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,  
Their matins they chant as they merrily quest.  
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,  
To start just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;  
While joyous from valley to valley resounds  
The shouts of the hunters and cry of the hounds.  
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,  
Fly hedges and ditches, or top the barr'd gate,  
Borne by their bold courfers no danger they fear,  
And give to the winds all vexation and care.  
Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,  
And scorn the dull pleasures of sleeping in down;  
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,  
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.  
Then hark, &c.

SONG.

## S O N G.

**C**OME rouse from your trances!  
The fly morn advances,  
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;  
Let the horn's jocund note  
In the wind sweetly float,  
While the fox from the break lifts his head;  
Now creeping,  
Now peeping,  
The fox from the break lifts his head;  
Each away to his steed,  
Your goddesses shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow,  
For the chase all prepare,  
See the hounds snuff the air,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet halloo!

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,  
See Reynard breaks cover,  
The hunters fly over the ground;  
Now they skim o'er the plain,  
Now they dart down the lane,  
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound:  
With dashing,  
And splashing,  
The hills, woods and vallies resound:  
Then away with full speed,  
Your goddesses shall lead,  
Come follow, my worshippers, follow;  
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,  
If you stop you're too late,  
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet halloo.

SONG.

## S O N G.

**D**O you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of  
the horn,  
And yet the sweet pleasures decline?  
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,  
With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll  
rally,  
Nor quit him till panting he lies;  
While hounds in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,  
And chace the swift hare till he dies.

Then saddle your steed, to the meadows and  
fields,  
Both willing and joyous repair;  
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,  
Than chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman  
attend,  
No pleasure like hunting is found;  
For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,  
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

\*\*\*\*\*

## S O N G.

**H**ARK, hark ye, how echoes the horn in the  
vale,  
Whose notes do so sportingly dance on the gale,  
To charm us to barter for ignoble rest  
The joys which true pleasure can raise in the  
breast,

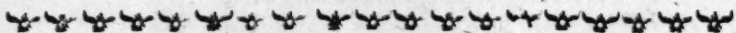
The



The morning is fair, and in labour with day,  
 And the cry of the huntsman is hark, hark away,  
 Then wherefore defer we one moment our joys?  
 Haste, haste, let's away, so to horse my brave  
       boys.

What pleasure can equal the joys of the chase,  
 Where meaner delights to more noble give place?  
 While onward we press, and each sorrow defy,  
 From valley to valley re-echoes the cry:

Our joys are all sterling, no sorrow we fear,  
 We bound o'er the lawn, and look back on old  
       Care;  
 Forgetful of labour, we leap o'er the mounds,  
 Led on by the horn, and the cry of the hounds.



### S O N G.

**W**HEN Phœbus the tops of the hills does  
       adorn,  
 How sweet is the sound of the echoing horn,  
 When the antling stag is rous'd with the sound,  
 Erecting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er the ground,  
 And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;  
 But still we pursue and now come in view of the  
       glorious game.

O see how again he rears up his head,  
 And winged with fear he redoubles his speed:  
 But oh! 'tis in vain that he flies,  
 That his eyes lose the huntsman, his ears lose the  
       cries.  
 For now his strength fails him, he heavily flies,  
 And he pants, till with well-scented hounds sur-  
       rounded he dies,

SONG.

S O N G.

LET the gay ones and great  
Make the most of their fate,  
From pleasure to pleasure they run,  
Well, who cares a jot?  
I envy them not,  
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,  
To the fields I repair,  
    With spirits unclouded and light;  
The blisses I find,  
No stings leave behind,  
    But health and diversion unite.



S O N G.

COME, ye sportsmen so brave, who delight in  
the field,  
Where the bud-barren mountains fresh raptures  
can yield,  
With the health-breathing chace rouse the soul with  
delight,  
With the jolly God, Bacchus, be jovial at night.

See the high mettled steeds! where snorting they  
fly!  
While staunch, while staunch, the dogs cover the  
ground in full cry!

How can ye, my boys, from such sports now re-  
frain,  
When the horn's chearful sound calls you forth to  
the plain ?

D

Poor

Poor Puffey! she flies, and seems danger to scorn,  
Then redoubles her speed as she bounds o'er the lawn.

See the high mettled steeds, &c.

She has cunningly cheated the scent of the hounds;  
Through hedge-rows she creeps, and sculks o'er  
the downs:

Brush them in, my bold hearts! she sits panting  
for breath!

The victim is seiz'd—Hark! the horn sounds her death.

See the high-mettled steeds, &c.



S O N G.

LAST Valentine's day when bright Phæbus  
 shone clear,  
 I had not been hunting for more than a year;  
 I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him  
 bound,  
 For I heard the hounds challenge, and horns  
 sweetly found,  
 Taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo taleo.

Hallo into covert, old Anthony cries,  
No sooner he spoke, but the fox, Sir, he spies;  
This being the signal he then crack'd his whip,  
Taleo was the word, and away we did leap.  
Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a  
pin,  
He sprang at the drain, but his horse tumbled in;  
And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old Ren',  
With his tongue hanging out, stealing home to his  
den.  
Taleo, &c. Our

Our hounds and our horses were always as good  
As ever broke covert, or dashed through the  
wood;

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,  
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry.  
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more.

Old Anothy fretted, he curs'd too and swore,  
But Reynard being spent soon must give up the  
ghost.

Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toast.

**Taleo, &c.**

The day's sport being over the horns we will  
found.

To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,  
So fill up your glasses and chearfully drink,  
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.  
Taleo, &c.



S O N G.

**B**RIGHT dawns the day with rosy face,  
That calls the hunters to the chace.

With musical horn,  
Salute the gay morn,  
These jolly companions to cheer ;  
With enliv'ning sounds,  
Encourage the hounds,  
To rival the speed of the deer.



If you find out his lair,  
 To the woodlands repair,  
 Hark! hark! he's unharbour'd they cry;  
 Then fleet o'er the plain,  
 We gallop amain,  
 All, all is a triumph of joy.

O'er heaths, hills, and woods,  
 Thro' forests and floods,  
 The stag flies as swift as the wind;  
 The welkin resounds,  
 With the cry of the hounds,  
 That chant in a concert behind.

Adieu to old Care,  
 Pale Grief and Despair,  
 We ride in oblivion of fear:  
 Vexation and pain,  
 We leave to the train,  
 Sad wretches that lag in the rear.

Lo! the stag stands at bay,  
 The pack's at a stay,  
 They eagerly seize on their prize:  
 The welkin resounds  
 With the chorus of hounds,  
 Shrill horns wind his knell, and he dies.



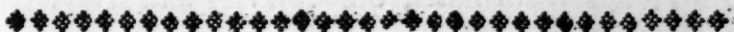
# S O N G.

**W**HEN Phœbus begins just to peep o'er the  
 hills,  
 With horns we awaken the day,  
 And rouse, brother sportimen, who sluggishly  
 sleep,  
 With hark! to the woods hark! away:

See

## 41.

But see how he lags, all his arts are in vain,  
No longer with swiftness he flies;  
Each hound in his fury determines his fate,  
The traitor is seiz'd on and dies:  
With shouting and joy we return from the field,  
With drink crown the sports of the day:  
Then to rest we recline, till the horn calls again,  
Then away to the woodlands, away.



S O N G.

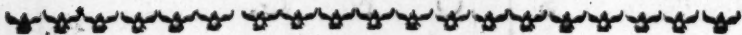
NOW the hill-tops are burnish'd with azure and  
gold,  
And the prospect around us most bright to behold:  
The hounds are all trying the mazes to trace,  
The steeds are all neighing, and pant for the chace  
Then rouse, each true sportsman, and join at the  
dawn,  
The song of the hunters, and sound of the horn.

Health braces the nerves and gives joy to the face,  
 Whilst over the heath we pursue the fleet chace :  
 See, the downs now we leave, and the coverts appear,  
 As eager we follow the fox or the hare.  
 Then rouse, &c.

Wherever we go, pleasure waits on us still,  
 If we sink in the valley, or rise on the hill ;  
 O'er hedges and ditches we valiantly fly,  
 For fearless of death we ne'er think we shall die.  
 To rouse, &c.

From ages long past, by the poets we're told,  
 That hunting was lov'd by the sages of old :  
 That the soldier and huntsman were both on a par,  
 And the health-giving chace made them bold in the war.  
 Then rouse, &c.

When the chace is once over, away to the bowl,  
 The full flowing bumpers shall cheer up the soul ;  
 Whilst jocund our songs shall with chorusses ring,  
 And toasts to our lasses, our country and King.  
 Then rouse, &c.



## S O N G.

**S**OUND, sound the brisk horn,  
 'Twill enliven the morn,  
 And nature replenish with glee,  
 The vallies around  
 Shall rejoice at the sound,  
 And join in the chorus with me,

Let

Let ladies each night,  
 In cards take delight,  
     And such dull amusements embrace,  
 At noon then arise,  
 Unknown to the joys  
     Of the health-giving, health-giving chace.

But while they're content,  
 Why let them frequent  
     The playhouse, the park or the ball;  
 The pleasures I chuse,  
 My time to amuse,  
     Are greatly superior to all.



## S O N G,

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

THE moment Aurora peep'd into my room,  
 I put on my cloaths, and I call'd to my  
     groom:  
 And, my head heavy still from the fumes of last  
     night,  
 Took a bumper of brandy to set all things right:  
 And now we're well saddled Fleet, Dapple, and  
     Grey,  
 Who seem'd longing to hear the glad sound hark  
     away.

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his hounds,  
 Whose extacy nothing could keep within bounds:  
 First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then  
     Snare,  
 Three better staunch harries ne'er started a hare;  
 Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Staunch, and  
     then Tray,  
 All ready to open at hark, hark away,

'Twas



'Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,  
 And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn;  
 Jack Gater, Bill Babler, and Dick at the gun,  
 And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made  
                   one,  
 Who, while we were jogging on blithsome and  
                   gay,  
 Sung a song, and the chorus was—Hark, hark  
                   away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had every buff beat,  
 And no signs of madam, nor trace of her feet;  
 Nay, we just had begun our hard fortunes to curse,  
 When all of a sudden out starts Mrs. Puffs;  
 Men, horses, and dogs all the glad call obey,  
 And echo was heard to cry—Hark, hark away.

The chace was a fine one, she took o'er the plain,  
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled  
                   gain;  
 Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,  
 Where I and Will Whistle were in at the death;  
 Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,  
 And cry'd to the horns my boys, hark, hark,  
                   away.



### S. O N G.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour  
                   we bound;  
 Led on by the loud sounding horn,  
 Kind breezes still greet us, with chearfulness  
                   crown'd,  
 And joyful we meet the sweet morn.  
 Rofy health blooms about us with natural grace,  
 Whilst echo re-echo'd enlivens the chace.

Should

The music of hounds when set off in full cry,  
Would give a more tuneful delight.  
Rofy health, &c.

'Tis over, 'tis over, a pleasure divine,  
Fresh air and full exercise yield,  
At night, my good friends, o'er the juice of the  
vine.  
We'll sing to the sports of the field.  
Rofy health, &c.



RECITATIVE.

**H**ARK! the horn calls away;  
Come the grave, come the gay;  
Wake to the music that wakens the skies,  
Quit the bondage of sloth and arise.

AIR.

From the East breaks the morn.  
See the sun-beams adorn  
The wild heath and the mountains so high:  
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,  
The steed neighs to the sound,  
And the floods and the vallies reply.

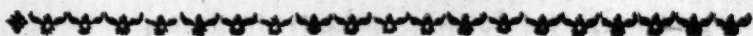
Our forefathers so good,  
Prov'd their greatness of blood,  
By encount'ring the pard or the boar;  
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,  
Age and youth urged the chace,  
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence

Hence, of noble descent,  
 Hills and wilds we frequent,  
 Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd,  
 Tho' in life's busy day,  
 Man of man makes a prey,  
 Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full fight,  
 Gods! how great the delight!  
 How our mortal sensations refine!  
 Where is care, where is fear?  
 Like the winds in the rear,  
 And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse my brave boys:  
 Lo! each pants for the joys  
 That anon shall enliven the whole;  
 Then at eve we'll dismount,  
 Toils and pleasures recount,  
 And renew the chace over the bowl.



## S O N G.

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,  
 Ere yet the dew-drops on the thorn  
 Borrow a lustre from the ray  
 That tips with gold the dancing corn,  
 Health bids awake, and homage pay  
 To him who gave another morn.

And,

And, well with strength his nerves to brace,  
Urges the sportsman to the chace.

Do we pursue the timid hare,  
As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?  
Still of her safety have we care,  
While seeming death her steps surrounds,  
We the defenceless creature spare,  
And instant stop the well-taught hounds.

For cruelty should ne'er disgrace  
The well-earn'd pleasure of the chace,

Do we pursue the subtle fox,  
Still let him breaks and rivers try,  
Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,  
The deep-mouth'd hounds shall following fly;  
And while he every danger mocks,  
Unpitied shall the culprit die:

To quell his cruel, artful race,  
Is labour worthy of the chace.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd,  
To our convivial joys at night,  
We toast, and first our country's lord,  
Anxious who most shall do him right:  
The fair next crowns the social board;  
Britons should love as well as fight—

For he who flights the tender race,  
Is held unworthy of the chace.

SONG.



## S O N G.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**T**HE chace was o'er, Atæon sought a seat,  
 To shade him from the rage of mid-day heat:  
 His fainting dogs, with toil and thirst oppress'd,  
 Long'd for the cooling stream and fresh'ning rest,  
 As on the hunter wandered,  
 Diana and her nymphs appeared undrest.  
 Whilst streams nor nymphs could save her from his  
 fight,  
 Thus try'd the youth to speak, appall'd with fright.

## A I R.

O think me not, Goddess, to blame,  
 I lurk'd not those charms t'espy;  
 By chance to this covert I came,  
 And fate is more faulty than I,  
 All weary with hunting I strove  
 To hide me from Phœbus's ray:  
 Forgive me thus destin'd to rove,  
 O let me now win back my way.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Enrag'd the Goddess thus bespoke the swain,  
 Who su'd for pity, and had su'd in vain:

## A I R.

Rash youth! your mad folly you soon shall deplore,  
 No mortal thus naked has seen me before,  
 Left you tell where you've been,  
 Boast of what you have seen,  
 Bold hunter, here know  
 That Diana's your foe,

That

That for this you shall never again see me more;  
You shall branch out with horns, bound with swift-  
running feet;  
No longer a man but a stag all complete.  
Your hounds in full cry,  
Shall pursue as you fly,  
Chace you all the long day,  
Till they make you their prey,  
Since your eyes dar'd to glance tow'rd's Diana's  
retreat.



S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN first Aurora gilds the eastern hills,  
And on the ground her glitt'ring dew-drop  
spills,  
The swelling horn salutes the rising-day,  
Pleas'd with the sound, all nature looks more gay,  
The drowsy hutsman, freed from Morpheus chain,  
With dogs and horses scatter all the pain:  
From his close paddock starts the frightened deer,  
Old earth scarce feels him in his swift career.

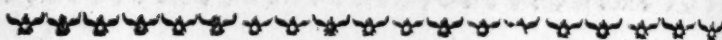
A I R.

Over mountains see him bound,  
Lighter than the fleeting wind;  
Woods and vallies echo round.  
While he leaves them far behind,  
Now fainting with toil,  
He takes the cool soil,  
But there finding refuge in vain,  
He seeks the wide lawns once again.

**E**

The

The staunch op'ning hounds have at length seiz'  
 their prize,  
 What joy reigns around,  
 When brought to the ground,  
 And the horn sounds his knell as he struggling dies  
 Our sports at an end,  
 The ev'ning we spend,  
 In innocent mirth and good cheer;  
 Like bold Robin Hood,  
 Our prey is our food,  
 And liquor old English brown beer.



## S O N G.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**H**ARK! the horn salutes the ear,  
 The hunters ready, morning clear:  
 Come the happy hours embrace,  
 Join the ever jovial chace.

## A I R.

See the stag how he bounds  
 O'er the neighbouring grounds,  
 His speed still increas'd by his fear;  
 Hills and dales are soon past,  
 See his swiftnefs so fast,  
 The huntsman he leaves in the rear.

'Twas Nimrod of old,  
 By the poets we're told.  
 Began first the sports of the chace,  
 Tho' so great was his fame,  
 There's a slur on his name,  
 As men he pursued in the race.

But

[illegible]

*By Mr. DIBDIN.*

THE grey-ey'd Aurora, in saffron array,  
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,  
And though broader and broader still brighten'd the  
day,  
Nought could rouse me, so sound did I sleep.



At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my face,  
 Full and fervent, but nothing would do,  
 Till the dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the  
 chase,  
 And shouting appear'd the whole crew.

Come on, yoies honies, hark forward my boys,  
 There ne'er was so charming a morn,  
 Follow, follow, wake Echo, to share in our joys—  
 Now the music, now echo—mark! mark!  
 Hark! hark!  
 The silver-mouth'd hounds, and the mellow-ton'd  
 horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew  
 health,  
 My companions are rang'd on the plain,  
 Blest with rosy contentment, that nature's best  
 wealth,  
 Which monarchs aspire to in vain:

Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,  
 And now we in order set out,  
 While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland,  
 and glade,  
 Re-vollies the air-rending shout.  
 Come on, yoies honies, &c.

Now reynard's un-earth'd, and runs fairly in view,  
 Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,  
 But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,  
 While each object impatiently burns;

Hark!

# EVENING BRUSH.

53

Hark! Babler gives tongue, and Fleet, Driver and  
Sly,

The fox now the covert forsakes;  
Again he's in view, let us after him fly,  
Now, now to the river he takes.

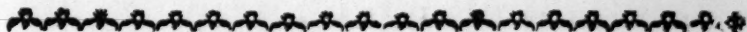
Come on, yoics honies, &c.

From the river poor Rynard can make but one push,  
No longer so proudly he flies.

Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,  
And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies.

And now in high glee to the board we repair,  
Where sat, as we jovially quaff,  
His portion of merit let every man share,  
And promote the convivial laugh.

Come on, yoics honies, &c.



## S O N G.

### R E C I T A T I V E.

**T**HE rosy morn with crimson dye,  
Had newly ting'd the eastern sky,  
The feather'd race on every spray,  
Sweet warbled to the God of day.  
When chaste Diana, goddess bright,  
From balmy slumber springing light,  
Wak'd all her nymphs from pleasing rest,  
And thus her sylvan train address'd,

### A I R.

From this high mount with me descend,  
And hey to the joys of the chace:  
O'er hill and dale our flight we'll bend,  
And match the fleet flag in our pace,

My silver bow is ready strung,  
My golden quiver is graceful hung,  
Away my nymphs, away, away,  
Let shouts to the welkin resound,  
And she who strikes the destin'd prey,  
Shall queen of the forest be crown'd.



S O N G.

RECITATIVE.

THE whilfing plowman hails the blushing  
dawn,  
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,  
Loud sings the black-bird thro' resounding groves,  
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

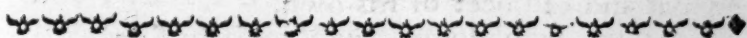
AIR.

Away, to the copse lead away,  
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds ;  
I'll warrant he'll shew us some play ;  
See yonder he skulks thro' the grounds.  
Then spur your brisk courfers, and smoke 'em, my  
bloods ;  
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn :  
What concert is equal to those of the woods,  
Betwixt echo, the hounds, and the horn ?

Each earth see he tries at in vain,  
In cover no safety can find,  
So he breaks it, and scours amain,  
And leaves us at distance behind.  
O'er rocks and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,  
All hazard and danger we scorn;  
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;  
Cheer up the good dogs with the horn,

**And**

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,  
 All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue;  
 His speed can no longer avail,  
 Nor his life can his cunning prolong.  
 From our staunch and fleet pack, 'twas in that he  
 fled,  
 See his brush falls bemir'd forlorn,  
 The farmer with pleasure beholds him lie dead,  
 And shouts to the sound of the horn.



## S O N G.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

NOW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,  
 In different notes each feather'd warbler  
 tunes,  
 The milkmaid's carol glads the ploughman's ear,  
 The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,  
 And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

## A I R.

The hounds are unkenneled, and now,  
 Thro' the copse and the furz will we lead,  
 Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,  
 For there lurks the thief that must bleed.  
 I told you so, didn't I?—see where he flies;  
 'Twas Bellman that open'd, so sure the fox dies,  
 Let the horn's jolly sound,  
 Encourage the hound,  
 And float through the echoing skies.

The



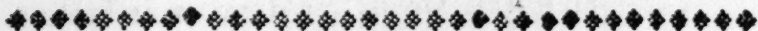
RECITATIVE.

The chase begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,  
Quickset, or gate, the thundering course retard;  
'Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey,  
Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl.

AIR.

O'er that and old beer of his own,  
Bright and wholesome—we'll jovially sing,  
Drink success to Great George and his crown,  
For each heart to a man's with the King.

And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,  
The rich Isle of Saints, Old England I mean,  
Where men, horses and hounds,  
Can be stopp'd by no bounds,  
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so  
keen.



S O N G.

MIRTH, admit me of thy crew,  
To listen how the hounds and horn,  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Thro' the high wood echoing still.

**SONG.**

**R**OUSE, rouse, jolly sportsmen, the hounds are all out.

The horn, how melodious it sounds !  
 Poor Pufs in a fright, how she strives to prevail,  
 And fly from the cry of the hounds.

Whose tops seem to join to the sky ;  
We mount in the air like a kite in a gale,  
And follow the hounds in full cry,  
Though into the copse there for refuge she flies,  
We kill her, 'tis twenty the odds ;  
While echo surrounds us with hooting and cries,  
We seem to converse with the Gods.

Our freedom with conscience is never alarm'd,  
We are strangers to envy and strife;  
When bless'd with a wife, we return to her arms,  
Sport sweetens the conjugal life.  
Our days pass away in a scene of delight,  
Which kings and their courtiers ne'er taste,  
In pleasures of love we revel all night,  
Next morning return to the chace.



**I** AM a jolly huntsman,  
My voice is shrill and clear,  
Well known to drive the stag  
And the drooping dogs to cheer.  
And a hunting we will go, &c.

**I leave**

I leave my bed by times,  
Before the morning grey;  
Let loose my dogs, and mount a horse,  
And hallo, come away, &c.

The game's no sooner rous'd,  
But in rush the chearful cry,  
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge and stake,  
The frighted beast does fly, &c.

In vain he flies to covert,  
A num'rous pack pursue,  
That never cease to trace his steps,  
Ev'n though they've lost the view, &c.

There's Scentwell and Finder,  
Dogs never known to fail,  
To hit off with humble nose,  
But with a lofty tail, &c.

To Scentwell, hark! he calls,  
And faithful Finder joins.  
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,  
And give your horse the reins, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,  
The view they'd lost they gain:  
Tantivy, high and low,  
Their legs and throats they strain, &c.

There's Ruler and Countess,  
That most times lead the field,  
Traveller and Bonnylafs,  
To none of them will yield, &c.

Now Duchefs bits it foremost,  
Next Lightfoot leads the way,  
And Toper bears the bell,  
Each dog will have his day, &c.

There's Music and Chaunter,  
Their nimble trebles try;  
While Sweetlips and Tunewell,  
With counters clear reply, &c.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,  
That tongue the heavy bass;  
Whilst Trowler and Ringwood,  
With tenors crown the chace, &c.

Now sweetly in full cry  
Their various notes they join,  
Gods! what a concert's here, my lads!  
'Tis more than half divine, &c.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,  
Delighted with the sound,  
To neighb'ring dales and fountains  
Repeating, deal it round, &c.

A glorious chace it is,  
We drove him many a mile,  
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro' stich,  
And hit off many a foil, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly,  
How wide, how swiftly he strains,  
With what a skip he took that leap,  
And scours it o'er the plains, &c.



See how our horses foam!

The dogs begins to droop,  
With winding horn, on shoulder horn,  
'Tis time to cheer them up, &c.

[*Sounds Tantivy.*]

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,  
Cheer up my merry dogs all;  
To Tatler, hark; he holds it smart,  
And answers every call, &c.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,  
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in:  
We'll die i' th' place, ere quit the chace,  
'Till we've made the game our own, &c.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,  
Beset with craggy stones;  
My Lord, cries Jack, you dog! come back,  
Or else you'll break your bones, &c.

Huzza! he's almost down,  
He begins to slack his course,  
He pants for breath: I'll in at's death,  
Or else I'll kill my horse, &c.

See, now he takes the moors,  
And strains to reach the stream;  
He leaps the flood, to cool his blood,  
And quench his thirsty flame, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,  
The cry bounce finely in,  
And swiftly swim across the stream,  
And raise a glorious din, &c.

His

His legs begin to fail,  
His wind and speed is gone,  
He stands at bay, and gives 'em play,  
He can no longer run, &c.

Old Hector long behind,  
By use and nature bold,  
In rushes first, and seizes fast,  
But soon is flung from's hold, &c.

He traverses his ground,  
Advances and retreats,  
Gives many hound a mortal wound,  
And long their force defeats, &c.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,  
And shakes his branched head,  
'Tis safest, farthest off, I see,  
Poor Talboy is lain dead, &c.

Vain are heels and antlers,  
With such a pack set round,  
Spite of his heart, seize every part,  
And pull him fearless down, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,  
And take a special care;  
Dismount with speed, and cut his throat,  
Lest they his haunches tear, &c.

The sport is ended now,  
We're laden with the spoil;  
As home we pass, we talk o' th' chace,  
O'erpaid for all our toil,  
And a hunting, &c.

## ch ons

## ch ons

## ch ons

## ch ons

## ch ons



## ch ons

## ch ons

## ch ons

## EVENING BRUSH.

63

Of the hounds in concert shrill,  
Heard round from hill to hill.

All shall join in jolly song,  
Noble sports to us belong;  
Hail the morning's ruddy face,  
Now begins the sprightly chace.

Then out scouts Reynard strong  
And nimbly darts along,  
To climb the neighb'ring hill,  
Or leap the purling rill.

All shall join, &c.

Boys, follow then with speed,  
As we have thus agreed;  
Then come, come, mend your pace,  
And follow brisk the chace.

All shall join, &c.

We soon shall see him lag,  
Like deer or hunted stag;  
Then press him hard, my bloods,  
We'll drive him to the floods.

All shall join, &c.

O'er floods, o'er rocks and hills,  
And over purling rills,  
We will pursue the game,  
Till Reynard stout we tame.

All shall join, &c.

Ah! see in vain his flight,  
His heart is broken quite;  
And as he gasping lies,  
He pants, he pants, and dies.

All shall join, &c.

F 2

SONG.



*The WILLY FOX,**By Mr. DIBDIN.*

**T**HE morning breaks,  
 Those ruddy streaks  
 Proclaim the opening day,  
 With glowing health,  
 The sportsman wealth,  
 Away boys, come away.

The mellow horn  
 Or the still morn  
 Pours sounds with echo marks,  
 While following bound  
 Man, horse, and hound,  
 T' unearth the willy fox.

Hark echo mocks  
 The winding horn.  
 That on the expanded wing of morn,  
 Though sweet the sound in dreadful yell,  
 Toils out a knell  
 To the devoted fox.

Now off he's thrown,  
 See yonder where he takes;  
 To cheat our eyes,  
 In vain he tries  
 The rivers and the brakes.

The mellow horn  
 Breaks on the morn,

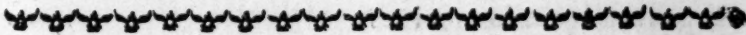
And

And leads o'er hills and rocks ;  
 While following bound  
 Man, horse, and hound,  
 T'entrap the willy fox.

Hark echo mocks, &c.

Now now he's feiz'd,  
 The dogs well pleas'd  
 Behold his eye-balls roll ;  
 He yields his breath,  
 And from his death  
 Is borne the flowing bowl.

The mellow horn  
 That through the morn  
 Led over hills and rocks,  
 Now founds a call  
 To see the fall  
 Of the expiring fox.



## S O N G.

**Y**E sportsmen all,  
 Attend to the call,  
 The welcome call of the chearful horn ;  
 Quit business for pleasure,  
 Nor thirst after treasure,  
 But purchase new life from the sweets of the  
 morn,  
 See now dapple Bay in his foin waxeth grey,  
 And white lily stops, with the scent in his chaps.  
 And now nimbly she bounds from the cry of the  
 hounds.  
 Then boys, haste away,  
 Without further delay,  
 'Tis with pleasures like these that we hail the new  
 day.

Whilst cares state  
 Attend the great,  
 And courtiers prey on their country's wealth,  
 No stately ambition,  
 Or sickly condition,  
 Disturbs our repose, recreations, or health.  
 The fop, vainly proud of his delicate self,  
 The miser, who doats on his ill-gotten pelf,  
 And the lover who sighs, ogles, flatters and lies;  
 Would they hither repair, they need not despair,  
 Of enjoying sweet life, with a mind free from care.



S O N G.

**R**ISE, rise, brother bucks, see how ruddy's the  
 morn,  
 Diana's been long on the plain;  
 Hark, hark, 'tis the sound of the hounds and the  
 horn,  
 Repeated by echo again.  
 Then, to horse, my brave boys, to the chace let's  
 away,  
 For the pleasures of hunting admit no delay.

If our hounds, when they're dragging the wood-  
 lands around,  
 Unkennel the fox from his den;  
 Or if, when they're trailing along on the ground,  
 A puss should be started—O then,  
 So ho, cries our huntsman, so ho, she's in view,  
 Then with hounds in full cry we the pastime pur-  
 sue.

But if we would meet with an out-lying deer,  
The pastime so royal we'll rouse ;  
Pursue him till slain where he flies without fear,  
And ne'er the glad sight of him lose.  
Neither hedges nor ditches shall set us our bounds ;  
If our horses are good we'll keep up with the  
hounds.

When our day's sport is over then home we'll re-  
turn,  
To enjoy our dear bottle and glass,  
And all be as ready as ever next morn  
To go back to the jovial chace.  
Thus sportsman's diversion we'll keep in renown,  
And each night with a bumper our day's sport  
we'll crown.



S O N G.

*The PLEASURES of the CHACE.*

By Mr. DIBDIN.

**E**XCEPT the folks that's fast asleep,  
All nature now is waking ;  
Aurora at the world' a peep  
Is in her night-cap taking.  
Hark ! all the tory rory boys,  
Making a devil of a noise,  
To cure the head-ach of last night,  
The peaceable King's subjects fright ;  
And helter, skelter, come apace,  
To enjoy the pleasures of the chace.

## How



How sweet to be, as on we rush,  
By the pig-tail entangling,  
Amidst a lovely torny bush,  
Or on a tree left dangling.  
Ah musha gra! than wine and love,  
The joy of hunting's far above;  
Can either Cupid or the bowl  
Such pleasures give? Ah, by my foul!  
Briars and torns may scratch your face,  
Still great's the pleasure of the chace.

Then when our mettle's at its pitch,  
While tally ho! we're bawling,  
Safe landed in a muddy ditch,  
To be genteely sprawling.  
Ah musha gra! than wine and love,  
The joy of hunting's far above;  
Can either Cupid or the bowl  
Such pleasure give? Ah, by my foul!  
Let muddy ditches wash your face,  
Still great's the pleasure of the chace.

Then dripping like a drowning rat,  
At night, you would not think it,  
What glorious wine, if it were not.  
We're too fatigued to drink it.  
Ah, bodder not of love and war;  
The joy of hunting's greater far.  
Hark! echo, in melodious tones,  
Hollas, and whistles, and sings, and groans;  
While many a broken sponce and face  
proclaim the pleasures of the chace.

SONG.

## S O N G.

*By Mr. WALTER BURKE,*

**W**HEN the huntsmen awake us with shrill  
 sounding horns,  
 And Aurora the welkin with spangles adorns;  
 The pale moon and the stars that dare shine best by  
 night,  
 Hide their fires at th' approach of the Father of  
 light,  
 The staunch hounds o'er the fields eager seek for  
 trail,  
 And once found they pursue it along the deep vale;  
 Then the hare that lies snug, close concealed in her  
 form,  
 Hears their cries and awakes in a tremble at th'  
 alarm.

For the sports of the chace sure all pleasures  
 surpass,  
 As the blessings of health and long life it en-  
 sures;  
 And at night with the fair one he loves and  
 the glass,  
 Care with all its attendants the sportsman ob-  
 jures.

Now the huntsman espies her slow creeping along,  
 And so ho loudly joins to the hounds cheerful song;  
 In their noses no longer the pack will confide,  
 But rush forward all eyes to the object espied;  
 When behold they lose sight and stop short in the  
 chace,  
 They seem lewd of their fault and trudge back in  
 disgrace.

Then

Then old Ringwood, who never his tongue had relied,  
Once more sets her in view, the rest follow their guide.  
For the sports of the chace, &c.

To repair his first fault each hound now slowly goes,  
And neglecting his eyes, trusts alone in his nose :  
Thus the hare at full speed runs a distance a head,  
And has time to play pranks, the staunch pack to mislead.  
But old Ringwood once more renders vain all her arts,  
And his tongue gives so loud as enlivens our hearts,  
Now poor Pufs with fatigue and with terror oppress'd,  
Shrieks, expires and in death finds a haven of rest.  
For the sports of the chace, &c.

Now the plentiful viands are rang'd on the board,  
The broad ehine, chequer'd rump and great sirloin,  
their lord ;  
With such other good meats as the Britons alone,  
Find conducive to strengthen the heart and the bone.  
Then to George and his Queen and their offspring we fill,  
The full bumper resolv'd that our loyalty still,  
Shall untainted remain to the end of our lives  
Then to bed we repair and prove true to our wives.  
For the sports of the chace, &c.

SONG;



## S O N G.

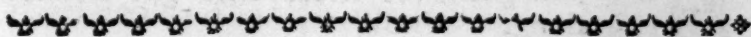
MOUNT YOUR COURSERS AND FOLLOW THE CHACE.

**A**S health, rosy health, from chearfulness flows,  
And sloth draws old age on apace;  
To avoid sad disease and such mortal foes,  
By cheerfully joining the chace.

To the woods then let's haste, Diana invites,  
And thus does the goddess report;  
If you wish to gain health with much joy and delight,  
Mount your coursers and follow the sport.

For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chace  
Those charms which but hunters enjoy;  
There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,  
In a pastime that never can cloy.

Then at night, when the chace has bestow'd all its charms,  
And they're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl;  
To repose we retire in beauties soft arms,  
Where transports envelope the soul.



## S O N G.

*Sung by Mr. BANNISTER,*

**T**O the chace, to the chace; on the brow of the hill,  
Let hounds meet the sweet-breathing morn,  
Whilst full to the welkin, their notes clear and shrill,

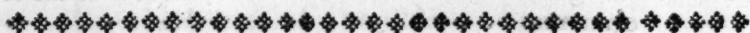
Join



Join the sound of the heart-cheering horn:  
What music celestial! when urging the race,  
Sweet Echo repeats, "To the chace, to the  
chace!"

Our pleasure transports us, how gay flies the hour!  
Sweet health and quick spirits attend:  
Not sweeter when evening convenes to the bower,  
And we meet the lov'd smile of a friend.  
See the stag just before us! He starts at the cry:  
He stops—his strength fails—speak my friends—  
must he die?

His innocent aspect, whilst standing at bay,  
His expression of anguish and pain  
All plead for compassion—your looks seem to say  
Let him bound o'er his forests again.  
Quick, release him to dart o'er the neighbouring  
plain,  
Let him live—let him bound o'er his forests again.



S O N G.

HOW soft glides the stream the gay meadows  
along,  
The birds all how chearful, how tuneful their  
song.

How Flora the meads with her gifts doth adorn,  
The violet, the rose, and the fair blooming thorn;  
And hark! still to heighten the joys of this place,  
The sound of the horn speaks the hounds are in  
chace,

**See**



Off we ride to the copse where fly Reynard secure,  
 Peeps and laughs at uncoupling the hounds;  
 Now releas'd the staunch dogs soon discover his  
     lure,  
 And the wood with their music resounds.

Thus the charms of the chace fill each breast  
     with delight,  
 Whilst the exercise, vigour and health brings  
     along;  
 And in vain would the lazy profaners of light,  
 Of the fair in reviling it fill up the throng.

For a while all our efforts he baffles and scorns,  
 To submit to his increasing fears;  
 But at length close pursued by the hounds and the  
     horns,  
 Whilst the huntsman our hearts with the tallyho  
     cheers.  
 O'er the meadows and pastures and woodlands he  
     flies,  
 Sometimes stops, sits and pricks up his ears,  
 Then continues his routs and our ardour defies,  
 And each obstacle cheerfully clears.  
     Thus the charms of the chace, &c.

O'er hedges and ditches o'er barriers and walls,  
 Ev'ry sportsman his course gaily steers;  
 If by chance or bad horsemanship one of us falls,  
 The kind huntsman his heart with the tallyho  
     cheers;  
 All his rivals outstript he repairs his disgrace,  
 And enjoys a new spring of delight;  
 When he first sees the fox hang his brush with slow  
     pace,  
 And the hounds press along in full sight.  
     Thus the charms of the chace, &c.

Now

Now the sport at an end with our appetites keen,  
At the board we forget all our cares,  
Drink long life and success to our Monarch and  
Queen;

Whilst the huntsman our hearts with the tallyho  
cheers.

Then to bed to our wives as good husbands we go,  
Let themselves if they will tell the rest:  
Yet they'll own tis a debt that to justice they owe,  
Of all husbands that sportsmen are best.

Thus the charms of the chace, &c.



## S O N G.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**N**OW faintly glimm'ring in the east  
Sol brings on the ling'ring morn,  
As loth to quit fair Thetis' breast,  
While dew bespangles ev'ry thorn.  
The herald lark salutes the skies,  
And bids the jocund sportsman rise.

## A I R.

Hark! the chace is begun,  
See, yonder they run,  
And fleet as the wind the stag flies;  
O'er mountain and dale,  
Thro' woodland and vale,  
His pursuers awhile he defies.

But in vain is his speed.  
They faster proceed,  
In hopes to o'ertake him anon;  
While echo around  
With the horn and the hound,  
Responsive replies Ton-ta-ron.

G 2

Thus



Thus we pleasure obtain,  
Without sickness or pain,  
What ruddiness smiles on each face;  
Ye jemmies prepare,  
Mount the steed if you dare,  
And overtake health in the chase.



S O N G.

**H**ARK! the huntsman's begun to sound the  
shrill horn,  
Come quickly unkennel your hounds;  
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,  
We'll chace the Fox over the grounds.

**See yonder fits Reynard, so crafty and fly,  
Come saddle your courfers apace;  
The hounds have a scent and are in full cry,  
They long to be giving him chace.**

The huntsmen are mounted, the steed feels the  
spur,  
And quickly they scour it along ;  
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur,  
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song.

O'er mountains and valleys we skim it away,  
Now Reynard's almost out of fight;  
But sooner than lose him we'll spend the whole day  
In hunting, for that's our delight.

By eager pursuing we'll have him at last,  
He's too tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies ;  
Now starts up afresh, and young Snap has him fast,  
He trembles, kicks, struggles and dies.

SONG.

## S O N G.

*By Mr. DRYDEN.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

**A**WAK'D by the horn, like the spring, deckt  
 in green,  
 Betimes in the morning the hunters are seen;  
 With joy on each brow they enliven the place,  
 And impatiently wait to join in the chace.

## A I R.

From his close covert rous'd, the stag swiftly flies;  
 As the arrow that's shot from the bow;  
 O'er rivers and mountains all danger defies,  
 And fears nothing but man, his worst foe,

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Now they trace him thro' the copse,  
 Panting, struggling—see! he drops!  
 Hark! rude clamours rend the skies,  
 While the dappled victim dies.

## A I R.

Thus Britain's sons, in Harry's reign,  
 Pursued the trembling Gaul,  
 Thro' streams of blood, o'er hills of slain,  
 And triumph'd at his fall.

## C H O R U S.

Now hostile foes alarm; arm, arm, Britannia,  
 arm.

## RECITATIVE.

Then away to the field, 'tis Great George gives the  
word,  
Quit the horn for a trumpet, the whip for a  
sword;  
Like our valiant forefathers, stern death let us face,  
And be glorious in war as we are in the chace.



## S O N G.

*By Mr. WALTER BURKE,*

**A** WAKEN'D by the sprightly horn,  
My wife complain's 'tis yet too soon;  
And swears the glimm'ring of the morn,  
Is but th' inflection of the moon.  
To ease her mind and gain her leave,  
The cheerful hounds to follow:  
I make her gentle bosom heave,  
With hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

With gentle murmurs now she cries,  
Arise my love pursue the chace;  
Then gently turns and shuts her eyes,  
Contentment smiling on her face.  
Soon drest I mount my vig'rous steed,  
The cheerful hounds to follow;  
Whilst every sportsman gives his meed,  
With hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

The thickset where the stags awaits,  
Th' arrival of the deep tongued hounds,  
We enter, each his posture sets  
The gloomy wood with shouts resounds.

When

When lo! the stag bounds off amain,  
The cheerful hounds we follow!  
And all our throats at once we strain,  
With hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

Thro' woods and air the meads he flies,  
Still watchful of his foes behind;  
Oft sidelong casts his languid eyes,  
To see where shelter he may find.  
But vain t'escape his efforts prove;  
The cheerful hounds still follow;  
And echo sounds from ev'ry grove,  
Come hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

At length the genius of the flood,  
He courts to save him from his foes;  
Within the waves he cools his blood,  
And soon forgets his former woes.  
But short alas, his transports are,  
The cheerful hounds still follow;  
Whilst joyful sportsmen rend the air,  
With hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

Confiding now no more in flight,  
With antlers bent he braves the hounds;  
And long maintains th' unequal fight,  
Whilst every wood with shouts resounds,  
Along his face the big round tears,  
Each other piteous follow:  
No sportsman now his fellow cheers,  
With hoop my boys, hark! halloo.

At length in pity of his means,  
The huntsman loads his deadly gun;  
Quick ends his panting sighs and groans,  
Then strips him and the sport is done,

Back



Back to the rendezvous we fly,  
 The wearied hounds all follow,  
 And o'er the sparkling Burgundy,  
 We hoep my boys, and halloo.



# S O N G.

**T**HE sweet rosy morning  
 Peeps over the hills,  
 With blushes adorning  
 The meadows and fields;  
 The merry, merry, merry horn  
 Calls come, come, come away  
 Awake from your slumbers  
 And hail the new day.

The stag rous'd before us,  
 Away seems to fly,  
 And pants to the chorus  
 Of hounds in full cry;  
 Then follow, follow, follow, follow,  
 The musical chace,  
 Where pleasure and vigour,  
 With health you embrace.

The day's sport when over,  
 Makes blood circle right,  
 And gives the brisk lover  
 Fresh charms for the night.  
 Then let us now enjoy  
 All we can while we may,  
 Let love crown the night,  
 As our sports crown the day.

SONG.

EVENING BRUSH.

31

S O N G.

*By the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM,*

*In the Reign of King Charles the Second.*

LET the slave of ambition and wealth  
On the frolic of fortune depend,  
I ask but old claret and health,  
A pack of good hounds and a friend.  
In such real joys will be found,  
True happiness centers in these;  
While each moment that dances around  
Is crown'd with contentment and ease.

Old claret can drive away care,  
Health smiles on our days as they roll;  
What can with true friendship compare?  
And a tally I love from my soul.  
Then up with your bumper's my boys,  
Each hour that flies we'll improve;  
A heel-tap's a spy on our joys—  
Here's to fox-hunting, friendship, and love.



S O N G.

R E C I T A T I V E.

WHEN chearful day began to dawn,  
While Cupid still his pillow prefs'd,  
Diana rous'd by hounds and horn,  
Her gentle virgins thus address'd.

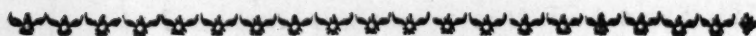
AIR.

## A I R.

Hark away, hark away to the merry ton'd horn,  
 While the hounds chearful cries awaken the morn;  
 Diana herself rules the sports of to-day,  
 And joins in the chorus of Hark, hark away.

With cautious steps avoid the bow'r,  
 Where wily Cupid sleeping lies;  
 Fond nymphs, you'll rue the fatal hour,  
 Should Love our spotless train surprise.  
 Hark away, &c.

Love will promise and deceive,  
 Leading youthful hearts astray,  
 But the joys our pastimes give,  
 Are jocund, innocent, and gay.  
 Hark away, &c.



## S O N G.

**T**O chace o'er the plain the fox or the hare,  
 Such pleasures no sport can e'er bring,  
 It banishes sorrow and drives away care,  
 And makes us more blest than a King;  
 And makes us more blest than a King.  
 Whenever we hear the sound of the horn,  
 Our hearts are transported with joy;  
 We rise and embrace at the dawn of the morn,  
 A pastime that never can cloy.

O'er furrows and hills our game we pursue,  
 No danger our breast can invade;  
 The hounds in full cry our joys will renew  
 An increase of pleasures display'd:

The

The freedom our conscience never alarms,  
 We live free from envy and strife;  
 If blest with a spouse, return to her arms,  
 Sport, sweetness, and conjugal life.

The courtier who toils o'er matters of state,  
 Can ne'er such an happiness know;  
 The grandeur and pomp enjoy'd by the great,  
 Can ne'er such a comfort bestow:  
 Our days pass away in scenes of delight,  
 Our pleasures ne'er taken amiss:  
 We hunt all the day, and revel all night,  
 What joy can be greater than this.



## S O N G.

DECEMBER is a month,  
 When British brains are addled,  
 The morning's wet and dirty,  
 So get the cattle saddled,  
 For a hunting we will go.

What pleasure is so excellent,  
 As whip and cut and spur,  
 What music can compare,  
 To the yelping of a cur.  
 When a hunting, &c.

Astæon was a hunter bold,  
 Wore horns upon his pate,  
 But we will take our wives with us,  
 And so avoid his fate,  
 When a hunting, &c.



If in a ditch, or bog, or brake,  
Our carcase chance to stick in,  
We're champions all and fight the cause,  
Of gander, goose, and chicken,  
When a hunting, &c.

But if perchance a fox chase  
Should cost a man his breath,  
We're all militia Captains now,  
And who's afraid of death.  
When a hunting, &c.

Then should we break fly Reynard's neck,  
In pastime e'nt it merit,  
And if perchance we break our own,  
Why damme e'nt it spirit,  
When a hunting, &c.

But if a Quist won't quit his bed,  
For sports so blithe and bonny,  
We'll swear he hates fatigue and dirt,  
And call him Macaroni,  
When a hunting, &c.

Abuse him for his want of taste,  
Since nothing so bewitches,  
Like spending all the Winter long,  
In boots and leather breeches.  
When a hunting, &c.

SONG.

EVENING BRUSH.

THE OLYMPIAN HUNT.

By Mr. DIBDIN.

**B**ARDS call themselves a heav'nly race,  
Toppers find heaven in wine,  
We truly boast who love the chace  
An origin divine.  
The deities all hunters are,  
Great Jove, who spends his life  
In hunting of the willing fair,  
Is hunted by this wife.  
Then come and wake the drowsy morn,  
While the swift game we follow,  
The feather'd throng and tuneful horn  
Shall join the hunters hollow.

Gay Bacchus on his tun, that hack,  
Toasts for view hollows gives  
While Mercury, with his Bow-street pack,  
Scours heaven to hunt for thieves,  
Bold Mars, a blood hound, hunts for fame,  
Nor 'till it's latest breath,  
Will he e'er leave the panting game,  
But comes in at the death.  
Then come, &c.

Diana in her sacred grove  
Saw rash Actæon near,  
And tho' she seemed to scorn his love,  
She took him for her deer,  
Yet vex'd to think this hint so fly  
On the fool she could not pass,  
From his own hounds she made him fly,  
And kill'd him for an ass.

H Then come, &c.  
Great



THE  
SPORTSMAN'S  
TOAST ASSISTANT,  
OR  
President's Sentimental Guide.

( ENTIRELY NEW )

---

THE Royal Prussian Doe that graces Britain's  
court.

The Royal English Hunter that caught the Prussian  
Doe.

May the sports of the chase never create lassitude.

May the smiles of the fair and the bottle reward the  
lovers of the chase.

May no sinister accident prevent the pursuits of  
the chase.

May the Prussian Doe grace England with a num-  
ber of fawns.

May the horns of the Buck never disgrace the brows  
of a sportsman.

May the lovers of the chase never want the means  
to pursue it.



May the heart of the sportsman never know affliction but by name.  
 Vigorous health and a flowing purse to every honest sportsman.  
 May every chace be fairly pursued especially that of the fair sex.  
 May the sense of guilt never check the sportsman's ardour.  
 If a fall should occur to the sportsman in chace,  
 May the smiles of his friends soon dispel the disgrace. }  
 May true friendship and sweetness of Temper unite. }  
 All the youths who in fairness of hunting delight. }  
 May sincerity and urbanity ever prove the leading features in the sportsman's character.  
 May the lovers of hunting ever enjoy the sweets of liberty.  
 May neither hurt nor bruise ever restrain the sportsman's pursuit.  
 May the death of the game prove a source of health to the sportsman.  
 May the wiles of the fox never reach the breast of his pursuers.  
 May the sports of the chace inspire us with the pursuit of liberty.  
 May every of our pursuits be as innocent as the chace.

May

May the union of the courts of Berlin and London,  
make wild beasts only the objects of their pur-  
suits.

May the hunters of men be detested by all man-  
kind.

May our hounds, horses and hearts never fail us.

May the serenity of the mind coincide with that  
of the weather to encourage virtuous sports.

Health in our sports, harmony in our cups, and  
honesty in our loves.

The hen Pheasant that cocks her feathers when she  
feels the shot.

The Royal Sportsman that rides the Doe when he  
has run her down.

The cunning hare that flattens when she sees her  
pursuer.

The brave sportsman that erects his crest when he  
sees his game.

The gallant huntsman that plunges into the deep in  
pursuit of his object,

Alacrity in pursuit of the sport and humanity in  
running it down.

May the love of the chace never interrupt our at-  
tention to the welfare of our country.

May the lovers of the chace never want the com-  
forts of life.

May the enemies of Britain ever prove a main ob-  
ject of every sportsman's pursuit.

May every pernicious minister be hunted to ina-  
bility to do farther injury to this country.

May the love of the fair reward the lovers of the  
chace.

May the cry of the hounds drown the clamours of  
discontent.

May the thirst after blood never disgrace a British  
sportsman.

May every sport prove as innocent as those of the  
field.

May the virtues of the Prussian Doe be closely fol-  
lowed by all the British fair.

The jolly sportsman that enters the covert without  
fear of being bit by the fox.

May no yelping quality be found in us or the fair  
objects of our honest pursuits.

May the sports of the field,

Health and honour still yield. }

May the end of the chace prove the beginning of  
happiness.

May no sanguinary motive stimulate us to any pur-  
suit.

May fair virtues soft twine,

All true sportsmen combine. }

May the real happiness of mankind be the future  
object of every monarch's pursuit,

May hunting grow so much into esteem as to swal-  
low up every ungenerous passion.

The blind ranger of Bushy-Park.

The jolly sportsman that never beats about the  
bush.

The

The huntress that never fails to start game.  
 The fox's brush over the thatched cabbin.  
 The foxhunter's-cap—the hair on the outside.  
 The staunch pack that a sheet will cover.  
 The sportive huntress that would ride astride be-  
     fore she would lose the game.  
 The stable that is always open to the bald-faced  
     colt.  
 May the jolly huntress never want a belly-full of  
     hare.  
 May the Fox's tail be preferred to the head of a Pitt  
     in every district of England.  
 When we hunt for a hart, may we never meet with  
     a stag.  
 May a jolly Fox-hunter never fall into a Pitt.  
 May the mare we ride be always well bitted.  
 May every foxhunter carry two stone more than  
     his weight and his mare find the benefit of it.  
 May every foxhunter be well mounted.  
 The mare with the scutched tail.  
 The Suffolk filly that never threw her rider out of  
     the saddle.  
 The huntsman's dear that does not wear horns.  
 The beagle that runs by nose and not by sight.  
 Silence when we are at a stand,  
 May we always run the game breast high.  
 Success to the beagle that stoops to take up.

The



The staunch hound that never spends tongue but  
where he ought.

May he who leads by the head follow by the tail.

May he who loves a crack of the whip never want  
a brush to pursue.

The merry terrier that never fails of entering the  
earth.

F I N I S.

20 JY63

B O O K S

*Lately Published by J. ROACH,*

RUSSEL-COURT, DRURY-LANE:

And sold by all the Booksellers in Great Britain  
and Ireland.

---

The WHIM OF THE DAY.

( For 1790, )

Containing a Selection of the choicest and most approved SONGS, now singing at the Theatres Royal, Anacreontic Society, the Beef Steak Club, &c &c. including the Songs of the Haunted Tower, Battle of Hexham and Island of St. Marguerite; Embellished with a beautiful Representation of Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Crouch, as Lord William and Eleanor, in the Comic Opera of the Haunted Tower—*Price, One Shilling.*

---

The WHIM OF THE DAY,

( For 1791; )

Containing an entertaining Selection of the choicest SONGS now singing at the Theatres-Royal, Anacreontic Society, Beef-Steak Club, and other convivial and polite Assemblies, including the most favourite Airs of the Siege of Belgrade, the Woodman, No Song No Supper, the Divertisement, the Spoilt Child, the Basket Maker, and Love in Spain; being the completest and most elegant Song Book now extant.—Embellished with a beautiful Representation of Mr.

BAN-

*Books lately Published by J. ROACH,*

BANNISTER, *jun.* and SIGNORA STORACE  
as Leopold and Lilla, in the Siege of Belgrade.—  
*Price—One Shilling.*

---

The CABI-NET of FANCY,  
OR, BON-TON OF THE DAY;  
A Whimsical, Comical, Friendly, Agreeable  
Composition, suitable to amuse Morning, Noon,  
and Night.

Adorned with a beautiful representation of Lady  
L——'s Whim, or the Naughty Boy in the  
Dumps:—Written and Compiled by *Timothy  
Tickle Pitcher.*

With Songs and strange extravagancies,  
He tries to tickle all your fancies.

---

P O O R J A C K,

Or the True and Authentic

LIFE and ADVENTURES of Lieutenant  
JOHN TRUEMAN; including the story of his  
friend CHRISTOPHER HORAM, the Indian Go-  
vernor, and embellished with a most beautiful Re-  
presentation of Poor Jack's affecting separation  
from his virtuous and beloved Polly—*Price, One  
Shilling.*

---

T H E

NEW TEA-TABLE MISCELLANY;

Consisting chiefly of Caledonian SONGS;  
and ornamented with a superb Likeness of Mrs.  
Martyr.—*Price Sixpence.*

*Books lately Published by J. ROACH.*

"The SECOND EDITION, with large ADDITIONS."

JACK SPRITSAIL'S FROLIC:

Or, SAILOR'S HUMOROUS CRUISE

In the Latitude of London: containing his high seasoned Adventures at the

Dog and Duck.  
Gig Shop.  
Sadlers' Wells.

The Theatres.  
Taverns.  
Tea Gardens, &c.

To which is added JACK SPRITSAIL'S  
Flowing CAN, being a Collection of the choicest  
Sea Songs, and embellished with a beautiful Representation of Jack Spritsail and his Nancy, on a  
Cruise—*Price Sixpence.*

---

EVERY LADY HER OWN  
FORTUNE-TELLER,

Or an infallible Guide to the hidden

DECREES of FATE;

Being a new and regular System for Foretelling  
FUTURE EVENTS, BY

Astrology

Moles.

Physiognomy

Cards and

Palmistry.

Dreams.

To which is Added

A new Method of Fortune-Telling, by the

DREGS of COFFEE:

Ornamented with a beautiful Engraved Title Page,  
and Vignette.—*Price One Shilling.*



*Books lately Published by J. ROACH.*

**The WHIM OF THE DAY.**

( For 1792, )

Containing an entertaining Selection of the choicest and most approved SONGS, now singing at the Theatres-Royal, Anacreontic Society, Beef Steak Club, and other convivial and polite Assemblies: embellished with a beautiful Representation of Mr. Bannister jun. and Mrs. Bland, in the Surrender of Calias,—Price One Shilling.

---

**EDWIN's JESTS,  
HUMOURS, FROLICS, AND BON MOTS**

Containing all the GOOD THINGS he has said and done in his whole Life; being the richest and best

**MENTAL FEAST,**  
ever offered to the Public. Interspersed with many occasional Traits of several eminent Persons, in England and Ireland.—*Price Sixpence.*

---

**THE  
ROYAL TOAST MASTER,**  
CONTAINING

Many thousands of the best TOASTS,  
OLD AND NEW,

To give brilliancy to Mirth, and make the Joys of the Glass supremely agreeable.

Also the Seaman's Bottle Companion, being a Selection of exquisite modern SEA SONGS.

Embellished with a beautiful Representation of the  
ROYAL SAILOR, &c.—*PRICE SIXPENCE.*

